

The Times of Terror *Tribute*



Expedition Paper Project

Volume 1

May 22nd 2020

SHIP'S CRIME BLOTTER

1 MAY – 15 MAY

No land under heaven is free from sin, even this our cozy arctic wasteland. A fact of life – human life – this reporter appreciates, and if he has to cover another watercress growing championship, he might create a crime to report on.

- *3 May* – On the third of this very month our own 2nd Lt. W--- put in a complaint regarding the stifling sexual tension in the wardroom. All officers are kindly requested to keep prolonged, charged eye contact and personality clashes to their cabins (or on deck where we can all watch).
- *9 May* – One of our valiant marine protectors was laid low by a most vicious assault, in the most honorable tradition of British military hopeless last stands protecting distant spits of land. In this case, an attempt to defend our north-most magnetic station against a horde of barbaric arctic menaces of that notorious criminal family *Spheniscidae Bonaparte*. (Known to those less scientifically inclined, the common penguin.) The birds' hatred for delicate scientific

equipment was matched only by their violent grudge against our veteran marine. Decades of grim experience were no match for the fowl's foul and slippery leavings, and though our marine had succeeded in winging one bird, he was quickly forced off his feet and winged much more effectively in return. Magnetic station and marine in tatters, the birds waddled off like a gang of fancy suited dockside dandies, breasts aglow with the satisfaction of mischief done. The marine remains in stable condition if fowl temper.

- *14 May* – Dr. M--- reported the unnatural deaths of several specimens. The suspect pool currently counts 141, excluding the good Doctor and marine incapacitated earlier this week, as said specimens have been variously described by crewmen as “fucking creepy,” “unnatural,” and “reminders of the primordial sins of mortality made flesh.”

Crew members are invited to contribute to the fortnightly crime report by complaining loudly in the mess.

– ABS J. S. Moore
(@justastormie on tumblr)

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## Walton

Everything has already been written.  
 The silent islands of the deep Pacific,  
 the highest mountains and the sky itself,  
 the North and South Poles - all the  
     hallowed secrets  
 that held my century in awe have been  
 discovered, taxonomically recorded,  
 and given names. What's not been found  
     has been  
 disproved: thus were Atlantis, God, the  
     Trojans,  
 and the four humors scientifically  
 vanquished. I, captain of a ghostly crew,  
     stranded in ice since 1797,  
 have watched my fellow men pull back  
     the veil  
 of Nature many times. But Death, who  
     holds  
 the keys, still won't unlock the final door.

- & & & -

## Adam

If life is but a ghastly dream, the child  
     of a great godly fever in the night,  
 then what will follow when the fit is over?  
     Oblivion. The rising of the sun.  
 If life is but a masquerade onstage,  
     the fancy of a nimble puppeteer,  
 then what's to come after the play is  
     acted?  
 Eternal stasis with the curtains drawn.

Men may conjecture - but what if they  
     should find  
     that life is an insane experiment?  
 How would they justify their ways and  
     wants  
     to the senseless instruments of  
     chemistry?  
 No, let some other creature crack the  
     code,  
 not me: I wash my hands of metaphysics.

- L. L. Friedman

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Dear Sir Ernest

Spring Falls

May 3rd, 2020

Dear Sir Ernest,

I am a determined woman who is
 begging you to take me with you on your
 expedition to the South Pole.

I am terribly strong and healthy with
 lungs compared to an Olympian. I am
 also gay and bright, willing to take on any
 hardships you and your men will undergo.

The cold does not vex me as I have
 lived in Maine where it is terribly chilly for
 a considerable part of the year. I have read

every book, article, and bundle of letters written about the dangerous expeditions by brave souls trekking across the frozen sphere. The disturbing trend of only men has convinced me to write such a letter. Why should men be praised for such adventure when women share the same skin.

I trust you will take my words to heart and hire me post haste.

Yours faithfully,

Savannah Wade

P.S. If you have interest in the above letter then read this: I make an incredible beef stew and know a great deal about seals.

* & *

(The above letter is inspired by one of the 5,000 applications received by Sir Earnest Shackleton for his South Pole expedition. The original letter was written by "three sporty girls" who were determined they would be a perfect fit. The original letter can be read online from the Scott Polar Research Institute Archive.)

(@prophetworthy on tumblr)

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## Times is Hard

Times is hard, sir! Times is hard!  
From the day you was born to the days of  
the Bard  
There has never been anyone child or  
grown  
Who has not- *even once*- with a wearying  
groan  
Said, "Damn, a new morning! And  
already marred  
By the future ahead! Times is hard, sir!  
They're hard!"

When a rusty old needle meant sickness  
and death!  
When they spelled T H with a thorn and  
eth!  
To think that they breathed with a similar  
breath:  
"Times is hard, sir! Times is hard!"

Now, I'm not a poet. I barely be lettered.  
Spent hours in school but I never got  
bettered  
By geography, calculus, integers, spelling.  
What did I enjoy? It was certainly telling  
That all that I honestly wanted to do  
Was read history books and think "That  
could be *you*."

To think that they lived through such  
terrible trials!  
Daguerreotypes with their black-and-  
white smiles!

So I thought, with my books stacked  
around me in piles.

Times is hard, sir! Times is hard!

Dame Fortune dealt us a dirty card!  
And none of us will escape unscarred!  
From the day you was born to the days of  
the Bard

Times is hard, sir! Times is hard!

- Henry

(@clockheartedcrocodile on tumblr)

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A BRIEF JOCLAR INTERLUDE

A sea captain asked an artist to join his crew for an Arctic expedition, and waxed lyrical about the many opportunities he would have to ply his skill, painting icebergs, polar bears, and birds, standing out on the frozen deck of the ship and capturing the magnificence of the polar region in paint. The artist, interested but wary of such an opportunity, asked, "That's all very well, but what will I get out of it?" The captain replied, "Exposure."

(@thestarsarewiththevoyager on tumblr)

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## Splintering

Bruise. It's a bruise. He knows a bruise anywhere. Has them all over. On his arms, on his legs. In the crevice running through his chest. Diseased black spot on a tree. Ringed in yellow. Touch it. Doesn't hurt. Touch it. Bruises are meant to hurt. Finger hurts. Knuckles swollen, ache like glass. But he knows a bruise.

Bruise on the horizon. Hill knocked itself on sky and the whole mess went dark. Time and a place for everything, even time and place. But he knows a bruise. But it's moving toward him.

Black stain dazed. Sweeping back and forth. Closer.

Closer. Closer now. Is he moving or is the ice moving or is the stain moving. He knows a stain. Stains all over his body. Sweat and grime. Sweat in the Arctic. Imagine freezing on the sun.

Closer now. Not a stain. Not a bruise. He blinks hard, and his eyelids stick together.

When his vision clears there is a Man. Oh, God. Oh, I can't bloody believe it.

The voice rings in his head.

I found you.

Found who.

Found you!

I been looking all over.

Who's I.

The Man's brow folds.

He tugs away the red scarf around his head.

Don't you recognize me?

No.

The ship. And we got stuck in the ice. We're best mates. You don't know me?

No.

The Man's face crumbles. Springs back to life in the same instant.

Well, that don't matter so very much. Let's go let's take a walk. It'll jog your memory.

Walk where.

Back to the crew. There's a few of us left let's go before we get frozen in this very spot and never make it no further. C'mon now mate let's go.

Silence. Thick silence. But there's something pulling at his memory. But they walk.

All this white hell and I found you, mate. Ain't that a miracle.

Huh.

Getting colder, isn't it? Don't suppose we'll survive the winter.

No.

It's like we're ghosts already. Might as well be dead. Gutting. It's gutting to think about I try not to think of it.

Haven't had a thought in weeks.

The Man bursts into a jarring fit of giggles. He sobers. Quite right.

You were always a barrel of laughs.

What's my name.

What?

He stops. Stares hard at the Man through the wind and the snow and the blinding rays of midnight sun.

What's my name.

The Man laughs again, nervous-like, coughs a spot of blood on the ground.

You're serious? You really think I don't know my best mate's name.

That's my bloody scarf.

The Man goes still. Hand like moth's wing touches scarf then falls away.

Suddenly the Man is running. Stumbling through the snow wounded deer until he falls. He falls into the ice and sinks right through and he's gone. He's disappeared. Scarf all that's left. Dark red blood stain. Or bruise.

He knows a bruise anywhere.

- Goldie

(@mrdesvoeux on tumblr)

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Thought I Ought to Mention

I have eaten
the millers
that were in
the sickbay

and which
you were probably
saving
for science

Forgive me
they were delicious
and sweet
with onion sauce

- an unknown midshipman

(@clockheartedcrocodile on tumblr)

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## Whaling Sounds

Expediency wailed in the polar nights, the hiss and whistle of the arctic winds bore into our ears deep and deafening us. The dark sky crystallized our blood and froze our hearts, we would barely move when the day came. During these painful nights, if we weren't shaking our bodies nor chattering our teeth, we would listen to the howling winds and wonder if they'd stop. Of course, during

our ventures, these polar gales would ravage our nights and never end. It was difficult to hear at night, you'd be lucky to hear yourself think, let alone hear the croaking gasp of a dying mate. Hypothermia, the mistress of death, was a frequent sleeper with these carnal men. Aching they'd sleep with her, never would they wake.

The polar days were as brutal as the nights, hardly could you differentiate the two. The ice bit toes and fingers of our crew were sent to work, starving for warmth as well as a meal. We were the poorest of men, and we played games with death for nickels, a game many of us would lose. During these day-filled hours, we would put our hypothermic hands to labor and hoped our work would distract us from our pain. The sun wouldn't warm our bones, as it does back home. Instead, our chilling blood supplied our heat; sweat and motion became our new sun. We labored far into the night some days, but we wouldn't complain because the movement kept us warm. The only time we'd complain was when the polar gusts came back to haunt us, the truly lucky men were swept away by the wind and joined the fish.

My only joy upon the ship of the poorest men was my closest mates, some of whom I would leave the ship without. The men on our crew, although pride deprived, amplified companionship and fulfillment on the desolate voyage on the sea. These penniless pirates sailed the

northern seas, our routes destined by our captain's orders. Now, if my crewmates were my day, then our captain was surely night. He was a stubborn and tenacious man, comparatively, he was an immovable bolder who perched atop our sails. His orders were stone, second to the commandments of the lord. Us men would joke only in dark nights, as to avoid his scowling howls, which were as loud as the winds.

My time with these men was never dull. Now, when I look back upon these days, I remember only one pleasant story.

There was a brief lapse one night, for once the winds subsided and I could finally hear the snores of my crewmates and the splashing of icy waves against the ship. Within the moment of serene peacefulness, I recall a sense of wholeness, and for the only time in my venture; joy. A tranquil joy, as whaling winds waned, I could hear the hidden sounds of the world. A midnight hymn lost in the whaling sounds.

- Ian Stevenson,  
@pentatope on tumblr



“Kerguelen Islands” – Rossia palpebrosa (@paramaline on tumblr)

## Arctic Explorer Name Search

- Every person named was an arctic explorer or appeared on the crew manifest for a significant Arctic exploration voyage (e.g. Franklin's Expedition 1845-c.1848).
- Names may go up, down, left to right, right to left, or diagonal in any straight line.
- Only the parts of names in UPPERCASE letters appear in the search box.
- There are, of course, some letters in the grid are not used at all.

john FRANKLIN  
 jens MUNK  
 skeffington LUTWIDGE  
 JAMES CLARK ROSS  
 WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY  
 GEORGE BACK  
 WILLIAM SCORESBY  
 FREDERICK WILLIAM BEECHEY  
 JOSEPH PAUL GAIMARD  
 FRANCIS LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK  
 henry w. HOWGATE  
 adolphus GREELY  
 thomas wilhelm GARDE  
 ROBERT PEARY  
 WALTER WELLMAN  
 VITUS BERING  
 HENRY HUDSON  
 EDWARD A INGLEFIELD  
 BALTAZAR mathias keilhau  
 baltazar mathias KEILHAU  
 ROBERT MCCLURE  
 I. I. HAYES  
 BENJAMIN LEIGH SMITH  
 john CUNNINGHAM  
 FREDERICK GEORGE JACKSON  
 DAVID BUCHAN  
 CONSTANTINE PHIPPS  
 CHARLES francis HALL  
 john RICHARDSON  
 WILLIAM BAFFIN

ELISHA KANE  
 GEORGE NARES  
 john KNIGHT  
 EDWARD SABINE  
 G.E. DE LONG  
 J.A.D. JENSEN  
 JOHN RAE  
 james FITZJAMES  
 GUSTAV HOLM  
 john COWIE  
 wilhelm august GRAAH  
 john ROSS  
 horatio NELSON  
 John HARTNELL [JHARTNELL]  
 william BRAINE  
 JAN MAYEN  
 thomas BUTTON  
 jonas POOLE  
 robert FOTHERBY  
 john DAVIS  
 william BELL  
 thomas TERRY  
 david ARTHUR  
 jonas REID  
 henry foster COLLINS  
 edward COUCH  
 charles hamilton OSMER  
 James HART [JHART]  
 graham GORE  
 DOUGLAS CLAVERING

F R E D E R I C K W I L L I A M B E E C H E Y R A  
F R A N K L I N W E L K E I L H A U A H I R L O G  
I O A N O I H C H A R L E S H A L L C W R I E S N  
N B E N A K A H S I L E E R O G T Z O E J N E S N  
N E G H C N Y B R E H T O F I F A C T R O G R P O  
A R C O W I E L L E B S E M A J Z T I F H N G P S  
E T R A G O S N O T T U B R T I A A R O N I P I K  
D P O L E W I L L I A M E D W A R D P A R R Y H C  
W E S S D E R W E R P S A D A E D E I L A E B P A  
A A G S E D I I E O O S E O U V L A M E E B S E J  
R R N O L I C L N A P B N R N Q I L V S R S E N E  
D Y I R O M H L I G N O E I A E K D M I O U R I G  
A R R K N L A I B U E E L R L N L N B A S T O T R  
I N E R G L R A A S S K U D T L E S I U N I C N O  
N E V A L E D M S T N O T O M M O G O G C V S A E  
G Y A L P N S B D A E R W U C C C C R N H H M T G  
L A L C O T O A R V J U I D O T C C O O L T A S K  
E M C S O R N F A H D H D B U R A L L N E S I N C  
F N S E L A F F W O A T G H C A A R I U A G L O I  
I A A M E H E I D L J R E O H H G R E N R R L C R  
E J L A M J O N E M E A I W A J O A D S T E I M E  
L I G J O S E P H P A U L G A I M A R D L O W U D  
D C U N N I N G H A M S T A R T B R A I N E C N E  
A N O S D U H Y R N E H H T G E O R G E B A C K R  
E R D E O H T I M S H G I E L N I M A J N E B A F

- Calypso

# The Times of Terror Tribute

[Expedition Paper Project, Volume 1]

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The Expedition Paper Project is a collaborative bi-weekly zine in the style of polar expedition papers of the 19th and 20th century

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